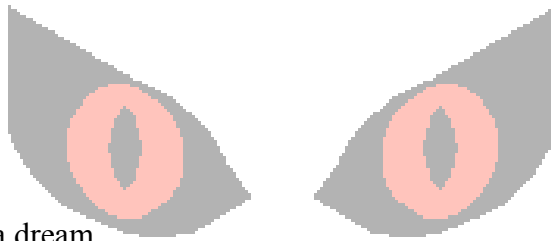


Older Truths

They tell you I am a legend, a myth
Created by superstitious people
Now long dead
That Neanderthals saw the blood spill from their animal prey
As the prey died
And they came to equate the blood with the life force
Concluding that if they could replace their blood eternally
So they would live in equal eternity

They tell you I am a fantasy, a hallucination of Eros
That the fang and the stake are symbols
Freudian analogies to male sexuality
For their phallic shape
And the ability to pierce
To draw blood
To rend and tear
To control



They tell you I am an impossibility, a dream
That the great god Science knows all, sees all
Explains all
That death is permanent and irrefutable
That all flesh must fall to the rot and the worms
That dead men do not rise up from their graves
To glide like silent, unseen spirits through the shadows
To touch the warm flesh of the living

They tell you I am a bogey, a Hallowe'en's plastic haunt
To be surrendered as you grow up
As though I were a doll to be packed in the dusty attic of your past
Forgotten in the silence
That mature women, adult women
Do not entertain such daydreams
Replacing them with the here and now,
The real and concrete and daytime

But I tell you only to sleep, to close your innocent eyes and rest
In your silent bedroom, where the moon's silver caress paints your toys,
And slumber peacefully while I stand watching,
Waiting, for Morpheus to touch your senses
Then I will enter and awaken you to a new life, a new reality
Change your body from not-quite-woman to not-quite-human
Drain you, fill you, transform you, chill you,
And teach you older truths that you somehow already knew

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